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ART IN NEW YORK.

Mrs. W. (coming down): IT IS DELIGHTFUL, THIS YEAR.

Mrs. L. (going up): MANY INTERESTING PICTURES?

Mrs. W.: OH, THE PICTURES! I DIDN'T NOTICE.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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GOVERNOR HILL is a most able financier. His High-License veto shows that. There are more solid chunks, in the way of campaign funds, to be had from the rum-sellers than from any other class, and that the man whose weather eye is constantly fixed upon his own political advancement should endeavor to make himself solid with this class is not surprising.

The Governor is to be congratulated that the unconstitutional features of the Platt amendment give his veto a slight vestige of respectability.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE has celebrated her centenary anniversary by making Doctors of several score of learned gentlemen and defeating the New York Base-ball Nine in fine style.

We beg to assure Columbia College of our most distinguished consideration, and express the hope that before another hundred years have elapsed she may again prove victorious at the bat.

MR. BARNUM has instituted a lawsuit against the Grand Trunk Railway Company for \$100,000 damages to Jumbo—the damage consisting chiefly in the fact that Jumbo dead and articulated has not the drawing power of Jumbo living and consuming buns.

From purely patriotic motives we take sides with Mr. Barnum, but we must confess that if the Railway Company should put in evidence the circus poster now plastered all over this city, in which the beast is depicted as butting the head-light out of a locomotive, and inflicting summary vengeance upon the railroad generally in a frantic effort to save the Baby Elephant, Mr. Barnum's suit would be thrown out of court.

The great showman has certainly had more than \$100,000 worth of advertising out of the incident, and were his adversaries any other than Canadians, LIFE would feel constrained to say that he ought to be satisfied.

DE mortuis nil nisi bonum is an ancient remark to which we would like to call the attention of the newspapers of this city.

Concerning the personal virtues of the late Messrs. Travers and Raymond, LIFE has yet to read the first uncomplimentary allusion; but there are more ways of detraction than one.

If either of these two gentlemen, whose geniality has made their loss an irreparable one in their respective walks in life, could have foreseen what bad posthumous witticisms would be attributed to them, they would have struggled harder to retain their hold on earth.

Indeed, brethren of the press, let the old motto be translated freely, Concerning the dead, "nothing but good jokes."

WHAT an intelligent lot of men are our detectives! It is estimated that about two dozen innocent men have been brought within the shadow of the gallows by the variety of clues which these choice minions of justice have discovered in connection with two recent murders.

It begins to look as if the only absolute safety for the reputable citizen lies in his committing some horrible murder. It is the one infallible receipt for keeping detectives at a distance.

THE next of the Broadway Boodlers to be tried is expected to be the venerable Jacob Sharp.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Sharp will receive a fair trial. There are thousands who believe him guilty, but the child-like way in which the gentleman under indictment drinks his three quarts of milk daily gives him an air of innocence which will stand him in good stead at his trial.

Milk and guilt do not seem to go well together.

IT seemed like old times on Wednesday to read in the papers that the New York nine had beaten the Mets eighteen to five.

MR. BUSH, the owner of the *Coronet*, has been accused by his sailors of meanness. They say their food was poor and their expected share in the prize-money refused them.

This is a very grave accusation, and Mr. Bush's friends will be pleased to hear that it is not true. The men received all the hard-tack and canned fruit they could eat, and were given eleven dollars extra besides for their trouble—presumably in digesting the food.

It isn't every man who, after winning a ten thousand dollar prize and increasing the value of his vessel by several thousands more, will give his men eighty-five extra cents a day for their efforts in his behalf.

Such liberality in addition to the hard-tack and salt-cod, even among sportsmen, is rarely found!

A MAN OF UNDOUBTED FAMILY.

AUNT CRÆSUS: "I cannot tell you, Clara, how shocked I am to come home and find you married without consulting me. And to a man with all these children, after all that I've told you about my fortune being yours whenever you should marry to my liking!"

CLARA: "Why, Aunt, you know I gave up young Smith on your objection that he hadn't family, and I supposed this would just suit you."

A MAN who does business on a large scale—A coal dealer.

WHEN punishing a child never strike it above the belt.

HE FOUND HIS MAN.

BBROWN: What's the matter with Dumley? I saw him across the way a little while ago, and he looked quite used up.

ROBINSON: He was all right yesterday.

BROWN: Where did you see him?

ROBINSON: I met him on the street. The *Bugle* had an article about him in the morning, and he was looking for the reporter who wrote it.

BROWN: Ah, yes; he must have found him.

NOW that the Whitney baby has been baptized the work of constructing the new United States Navy will be pushed rapidly to completion.

A HOME RUN—Running the sewing-machine.



IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR.

Cholly (who has dined): SHAY, OLD CHAPPIE, GIMME YOUR TAILOR'S SHADDRESS; 'M A MARRIED MAN MYSELF, AND THERE'S NOTHING LIKE BEING ON THE SAFE SIDE OF A TIN ULSTER—EH, OLD (*hic*) CHAPPIE.

A LAST WORD.

IF you love me, tell me so;
Coal is very high:
Father thinks it isn't right
You should come here every night,
Staying till the fire is low
Just to spoon and sigh.
Calling me your "little sweet"
Does not pay for gas;
While your lonely heart may yearn,
In the chandeliers there burn
Jets that make a thousand feet
O'er the meter pass.
Love, I know, completely fills
Life's void gallery:
Yet while these dear moments haste,
Think how many dollars waste—
Coal and gas and other bills—
Father's salary!

Then, I prithee, dear one, brace!
Do but speak the word:
Else must I to father yield,
Else must you vacate the field,
Else must some one take your place;
"Stocks and bonds" preferred.

Cary! Gould.

GENERAL SIR GARNET WOLSELEY has written an essay on General Lee, which demonstrates that what Sir Garnet does not know about our civil war is not worth printing, much less knowing.

The kick of a Soudanese camel may give an Englishman military prestige, but it does'nt make a "literary feller" of him, by any means.

ALL the difference in the world—The difference between the North and South Pole.



THE GUILTY PARTY.

*WHO struck Billy Patterson?
To know it you'd fain;*

Draw hither thine ear,
It was William Kissane.

Who wrote the "Breadwinners?"

You'd guess it in vain;
But it's very safe betting
'Twas William Kissane.

*And who sunk the Oregon,
Deep in the main?*

Her side was knocked out
By William Kissane.

And "Beautiful Snow"
Will always remain
A shaft monumental
To William Kissane.

*Well, who is Kissane,
This sinner and saint?*

Oh, some say he's Rogers,
And some say he ain't.

* * *

LET'S see, didn't the Republican Party have a little trouble over some "my dear fisheries" about two years ago?

* * *

NO, John, a lady-bug is not so called because of her quiet, modest ways, but because of the chromatic gorgeousness of her bonnet.

* * *

IT is probable that the Last Lay of the Minstrel will not be widely different to the same old lay we have been given by the minstrels of the last seven and a half centuries.

* * *

MAN is 90 per cent. water, and yet the Prohibitionists are not satisfied.

* * *

PATTI-NICOLINI: Our regular subscription price to artistes of your standing is \$75.00 per annum. We come high, Madame, but as the poet said, "We must be had."

* * *

THOSE who know him say that Mr. Dockstader, the minstrel, is not as black as he is painted.

* * *

A CHICAGO missionary nearly converted an anarchist last Sunday, but he inadvertently hummed the hymn, "Go to that clear flowing Fow-hown-tain, where you may wash and be clean," and the anarchist returned to his evil ways.

THE reason why so many of our young men are fine baseball players is that many of them have been brought up on base hits.

* * *

NEVER look a gift mule in the heels.

* * *

HARPER'S BAZAR is instructing the young idea on How to live on \$500 a year.

The average youth of to-day lives about a week on \$500 a year.

* * *

TIME is a great heeler, but not much of a politician.

* * *

PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE.



"OH! THAT THIS TOO, TOO SOLID FLESH WOULD MELT."—
Hamlet.

* * *

TOBOGGANING is not very good sport in the months without an r.

* * *

OUR standard literature is the best literature; our standard music is the best music; but our Standard Oil painting wears a dark aspect. It is painted very black.

* * *

DR. HAMMOND prefers the name "Syggignoscism" to that of "Hypnotism," meaning the agreement of one mind with another mind.

We wish the recent aldermanic jury had suffered syggignoscismatically.

* * *

THE Coroner's Jury, in the case of Lyman S. Weeks, who was recently murdered by a Brooklyn burglar, has returned the verdict that the shooting was done by an unknown man.

It is a great relief to know this, and if the Rahway murder can be brought home to the same person, much will have been done to restore confidence in our police.



JUST GIVE THE HIGH HATS ONE SIDE OF THE THEATRE TO THEMSELVES, AND MUCH JOY TO THE LOVELY DEARS!

THE RHYME OF THE SAD-EYED MAN.

I'M a doleful, sad-eyed man, with a tendency to gloom—
And very mournful, sombre, grave convictions ;
I'm lachrymose, despondent—my dreams are of the tomb ;
And I'm always full of trials and afflictions.

My tones are quite disconsolate—my eyes are filled with tears ;
I'm the victim of a harassing reflection ;
I avoid the flowing bowl—for 'tis said it only cheers—
And I find my only comfort in dejection.

I'm bilious, jaundiced, joyless—I'm cheerless, saturnine ;
My heart is always heavy :—I'm splenetic,
Dispirited and solemn—I lament and mope and pine,
And I take a grim delight in things pathetic.

I am married to a wife, and we lead a grievous life,
For she's depressed, low-spirited and dismal ;
But I find a consolation in our never-ending strife,
And especially her moments paroxysmal.

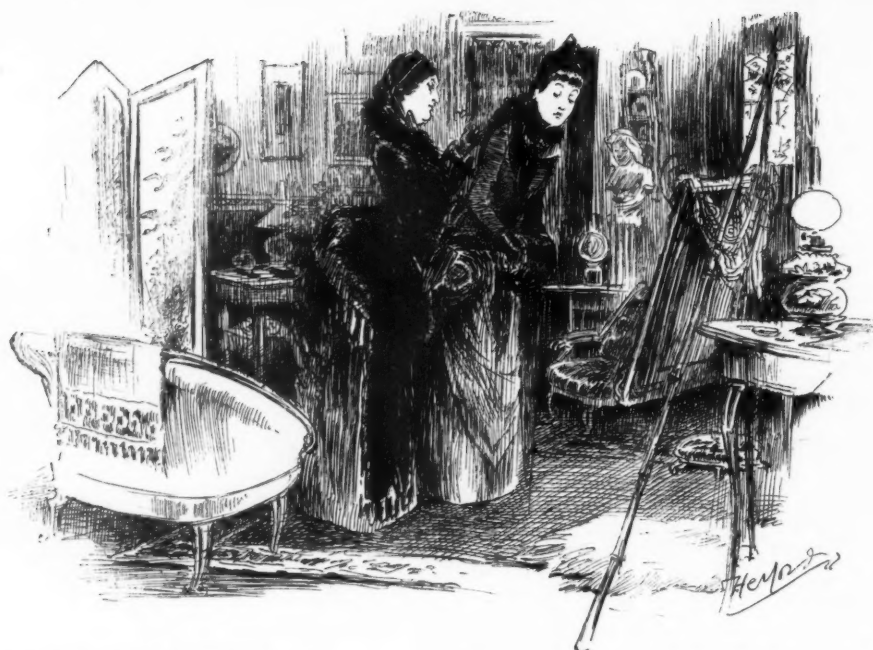
I'm morose, ill-tempered, churlish—my appetite is light ;—
I enjoy what Burton has to say of vapors ;
And I take immense delight in fearful dreams at night,
And I revel in the wit of English papers.

The world is all forlorn, and the universe awry ;
Funereal, dark calamities will fix it.
I scowl and frown and grumble—I droop and moan and sigh ;
I've a sorrowful expression like Don Quixote.

Then I'll foster melancholy, and welcome clouds and rain ;
I'll go about despairing, sobbing, moaning :—
I'll seek all things unpleasant, and in ecstasy of pain,
I'll die downcast, disheartened, wailing, groaning !

A. M.

A RUSSIAN NOBLEMAN died recently whose name was too long to be sent by cable ; but it is gravely asserted that he could shell an ear of corn with it, and have enough left over for a barbed-wire fence, a nail-claw, and springs for a mattress.



“PERFECTLY LOVELY.”

NOT EXACTLY A FARCE.

SCENE—Drawing-room of Mrs. Stuyvesant Vanderpuyster. *Dimensions*—Fifteen by twenty-five feet. *Contents*—Fourteen rigidly uncomfortable but highly ornamental chairs; one divan covered with a rug and four Persian pillows; one spinet; sixteen water-colors with India silks of varied hues hung over the frames; seven vases; eight tables holding as many lamps; twenty-three paintings in oil; one catalogue of the Morgan sale, bound in crushed levant; two Japanese screens; one bisque monkey endeavoring to climb on a silken cord from the card receiver on the centre table to the crystal knob of the chandelier.

(The front-door bell rings and Miss Emily Munnibags, accompanied by her fond mamma, enters the room.)

EMILY (*in a whisper*): What atrocious taste! See that ochre scarf hanging over the sky-blue water-color on the corner easel!

FOND MAMMA (*hearing the rustling of a dress and the squeak of a hand on the banisters without*): Yes, indeed; it is a charming harmony of color!

(*Enter Mrs. Vanderpuyster.*)

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: So charmed to see you, Mrs. Munnibags, and your sweet daughter Emily. (*Smirks and kisses both.*)

FOND MAMMA: How well you are looking!

EMILY: Isn't she looking well, Mamma!

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: Well, really now, I am so glad to hear you say so. I haven't been feeling very well lately. But you, Mrs. Munnibags, are a perfect picture of health, and I see the roses in Emily's cheeks are by no means faded.

(The roses in Emily's cheeks change from Marechal Niels to Jacqueminots in acknowledgment of the compliment.)

FOND MAMMA: Emily was just saying, as you entered the room, how sweetly you had fixed everything here. So artistic, you know.

EMILY: Yes, dear Mrs. Vanderpuyster, it is charming. Just like cousin Robert's studio, which is said by his brother painters to be quite the most artistically arranged room in New York.

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER (*beaming*): Yes, so I have heard. Your cousin is such a clever painter! His water-color at the exhibition is—

EMILY: You mean the oil, Mrs. Vanderpuyster, I think?

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER (*who has not been to the exhibition*): No; I think—Oh-h-h, yes; it is an oil, now I remember. But it is so exquisitely done; so—er—so—well, so very delicate, you know, that I really thought it was a water-color. I should have known. So stupid of me.

FOND MAMMA: Oh, not at all, Mrs. Vanderpuyster.

(*Embarrassing Pause.*)

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: Ah, by the way, Emily, how have you recovered from your Wednesday evening's dissipation?

EMILY: *Wasn't* the cotillon divine? I could dance forever under such circumstances.

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: What did you think of the debutante? Wasn't she sweet?

EMILY: Indeed, she looked perfectly lovely. Quite the prettiest girl in the room.

FOND MAMMA: Yes, I consider Eveline Rosebud a beautiful girl. Perfectly lovely; but—er, did you notice anything peculiar about her mouth?

EMILY: You mean her nose, Mamma. Don't you know, you said you thought it was crooked?

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: Well, now that you speak of it, there *is* something queer about both. Her teeth, I think, rather spoil her mouth. They are so large, and it seems to me that they protrude a little.

FOND MAMMA: No, Mrs. Vanderpuyster; I don't think it is her teeth so much as the peculiar shape of the mouth itself, and a—er—a lack of color in her lips that mar an otherwise exquisitely molded face—ah, that is, excepting her nose, which is a trifle crooked.



Quite the Prettiest Girl in the Room.

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: Well, don't you think, Mrs. Munnibags, that perhaps Eveline's nose appears a little crooked because of the abnormal largeness of her eyes? It occurred to me on Wednesday night, when she was flirting so outrageously with young De Grote at the cotillon, that they were—ever so slightly, of course, but still unpleasantly starey.



Something Peculiar about her Mouth.

EMILY: Oh, I hardly think Eveline's eyes could be called exactly abnormal, Mrs. Vanderpuyster. Her ears are quite large, you know.

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: True! I had not observed that so much of her ears as I had of her hands, however.

FOND MAMMA: Wasn't she awkward with her hands? I heard that she upset a plate of melted ice on Henry Goddard's shirt front.

EMILY: Tee-hee!

FOND MAMMA (*proudly*): If Eveline only had Emily's figure she might carry off these defects and pass for a really handsome girl.

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER (*sweetly*): Ah, but we cannot all be Emily Munnibags, you know. (*More Jacqueminot roses in Emily's cheeks.*)

EMILY: Well, if Eveline isn't distinctly pretty, she's a sweet-tempered girl.



Her Nose is a Trifle Crooked



And her Teeth Protrude.

FOND MAMMA: Indeed, her disposition is lovely; although I must say I distrust the amiability of these girls with such fiery auburn hair. Don't you, Mrs. Vanderpuyster?

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: I have heard that auburn hair and sweetness of disposition are a rare combination. I heard from Ella Garrison that Eveline's maid told Helen Jackson's little brother's nurse that she has a wee bit of a temper. Still, she inherits that from her father.

FOND MAMMA: That reminds me, Mrs. Vanderpuyster, I have long wanted to know who *was* Eveline's father?

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: I am not exactly certain. I understand that he made a great deal of money manufacturing button-hooks during the war.

EMILY (*whose grandfather was a baker*): It must be a horrid feeling to think that one's money was made from the necessities of one's fellow-men.

FOND MAMMA: Yes, Emily; but Eveline couldn't help *that*, you know.

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: Eveline's mother was a daughter of Mr. Rosebud's partner. She is a very sweet woman. Did you ever meet her?

FOND MAMMA: No. We are to call upon her this afternoon. I saw her once at the opera, and Eveline has asked us to call and make her acquaintance. I never liked her appearance, I must say. She has that same sarcastic smile that Eveline affects.



The Eyes are Unpleasantly Starey

EMILY: Yes; isn't it too bad that Eveline has that? It causes so much disappointment when she talks. Her conversation is—well it isn't exactly bright.

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: I must confess Eveline does *not* shine in conversation.

(*Lengthy Pause.*)

Ensemble: But she's a perfectly lovely girl in spite of it; isn't she?

(*Another Pause.*)

FOND MAMMA (*rising*): Well, Mrs. Vanderpuyster, I think we must be going. Do come and see us!

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: Why must you go so soon?



Her Ears are Quite Large, you know.

EMILY: Oh, it is getting late, and, you know, we have promised to call on Eveline this afternoon.

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: Do give the dear girl my love.

FOND MAMMA: We will, indeed; and don't forget you are to come to see us very soon.

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: Yes; some day next week.

EMILY: Can't you come Tuesday morning and stay to lunch? We'll ask Eveline to meet you.

FOND MAMMA: Yes, dear Mrs. Vanderpuyster, do come.

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: Why, that will be delightful!

EMILY: Be sure and come early.

FOND MAMMA:

EMILY: Well, good-bye!

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER:

(Door opens. Exeunt Emily and Fond Mamma. Emily waves her hand to Mrs. Vanderpuyster standing in the hallway, and calls back, "Don't forget Tuesday!" Mrs. Vanderpuyster replies, "I won't." All say good-bye again, and the door closes.)

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER (*going upstairs*): How those two women did peck at poor Eveline, the dear girl!

FOND MAMMA (*walking up the street*): Did you ever hear such a pulling to pieces as Mrs. Vanderpuyster gave Eveline Rosebud?

EMILY: Wasn't it horrid of her!



But She's a Sweet-tempered Girl.

J. K. Bangs.

• NEW BOOKS •

THE TWO BROTHERS. By Honoré de Balzac. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Prisoners of Poverty. Women Wage-Workers; their Trades and their Lives. By Helen Campbell. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Hunters of the Ozark. By Edward S. Ellis. Deerfoot Series, No. 1. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

Drops of Blood. By Lily Currie. Fireside Series, No. 22. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co.

NEW DEFINITIONS.

MUSIC: A polite art which serves its highest usefulness as a stimulus to conversation.

DUTY: An obligation that rests entirely upon one's neighbor.

ADVICE: A superfluous article which everybody is eager to give away, but no one cares to receive.

CONSISTENCY: A jewel which frequently needs re-setting.

NEWS: Old women's gossip; salacious scandal and secrets of domestic and conjugal life; anything in the way of rumor that does not relate to public affairs.

CIVILITY: An ancient form of behavior, popular in feudal times, but unsuited to the exigencies of modern civilization.

ARTIST: A man of subtle æsthetic perceptions who attains proficiency in some such useful art as hair-dressing, or negro minstrelsy.

POETRY: Any metrical composition whose merit is unrecognized by the average magazine editor.

ECONOMY: A habit of life which enables a woman to save money in her domestic expenditures in order that her husband may keep up his end at the club.

CULTURE: The pursuit of social folly having its origin in the love of singularity.

Harold van Santvoord.

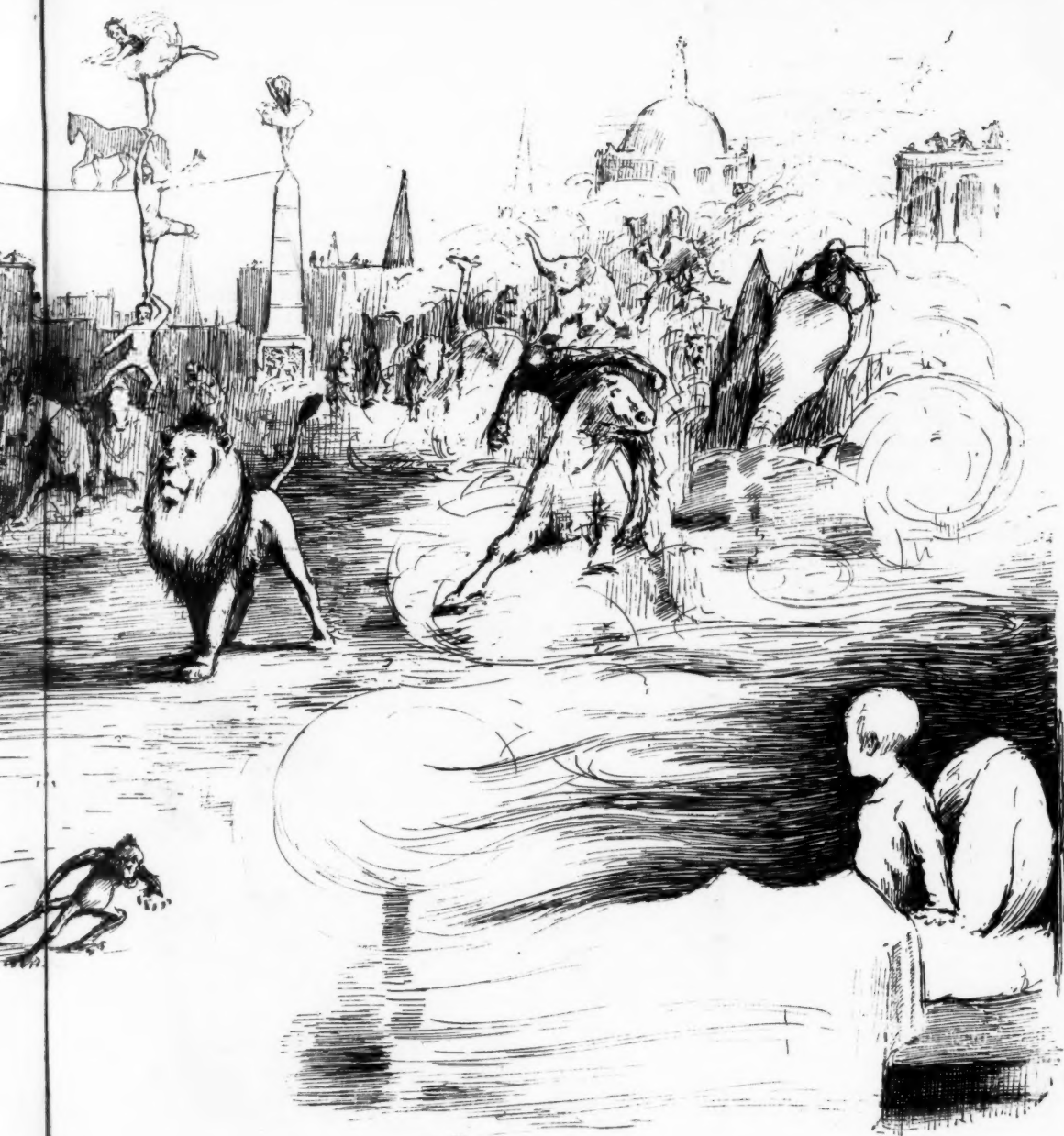


C. D. Gibson.

THE BOYS' MILL

BARNUM IS HERE, THE SCHOOL TEACHER COMES TO GRIP

LIFE ·



YS' MILLENNIUM.

COMES TO GRIEF, AND THE WHOLE WORLD IS A CIRCUS.



from foreign fields

EUROPEAN NOTES.

THE *Times* correspondent at St. Petersburg says that on April 1st the Czar received information that a plot was being laid near the Gatschina Palace. A regiment of Siberian Cuirassiers was sent to the scene and discovered that it was a grass plot, at which the Czar was so much incensed that he ordered the colonel of the regiment to commit suicide within twenty-four hours.

THE London *Punch*, next week, will contain the following apropos of the approaching Jubilee.

At Windsor Castle.

QUEEN VICTORIA: Now, Walesey, dear boy, come up to tea to-morrow at seven. And mind, sonny, don't you-be-late.

PRINCE OF WALES (*with some asperity*): Don't jubilate? (*you be late*). Well, I guess not. What in thunder have I to jubilate (*you be late*) about?

MR. GLADSTONE is so mad about the recent closure that his friends think of sending him to Pasteur for treatment.

THE Emperor of Russia has commanded Count Tolstoy to write an autobiography of the late Czar. The Count, fully understanding the difficulties of such an undertaking, at first demurred, but the Czar called for a map of Siberia, and

convinced the Russian Howells that it was just as well for him to begin at once and get seven chapters done before breakfast next morning.

THE Turkish Court has gone into mourning for a month for Mr. Sunset Cox. The Sultan has invested the late Minister with the Order of the Golden Fleas, to pay for which a dog-tax has been levied in Constantinople.

A HANDSOME baby-jumper has just been blessed by the Pope, preparatory to its being sent to the King of Spain on his first annual jubilee. The King is in unusually good health, and under the able tutorship of the Secretary of the Nursery, can now weep in five different languages.

THE Crown-Prince of Italy has graciously condescended to contract the measles. The Roman populace rejoice greatly over this additional proof of the Democratic sentiments of the reigning house.

THE British Peerage is now greatly agitated by the question, Who shall invite Cyrus W. Field over for the Jubilee?

Mr. Field, on being consulted, said that he didn't care much where he went, to which the Lords replied that they didn't either; so that matters are now in a sort of *statu quo*.

Carlyle Smith.

SO MUCH FOR DREAMS.

"SPEAKING of omens," he said, "not long ago I read of a cashier who dreamed that he was murdered while protecting the funds of the bank and that seven angels carried him off to heaven. The very next night he was—"

"Murdered?" she interrupted, with a shiver.

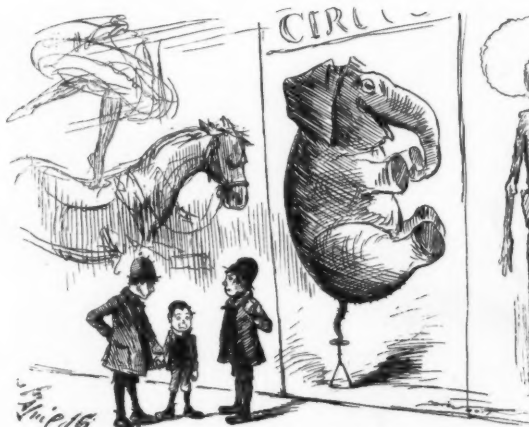
"No; he was on his way to Canada."

MARK TWAIN wrote of a certain wine: "It heals the worn mind as well as the wasted body," and half a dozen people nearly died laughing at it before they discovered that there was no joke about it.

Such is the force of habit.

A CHAMPAGNE dealer, charmed with Baron Tennyson's Jubilee Ode, has written to the poet, offering ten dollars for a poem entitled "Pommery Saeulare."

COLUMBIA has made Mayor Hewitt an LL.D. He should have been made a Doctor of Dive-inity.



FAITH.

"BUT DO YOU THINK IT'S TRUE, JIMMY?"

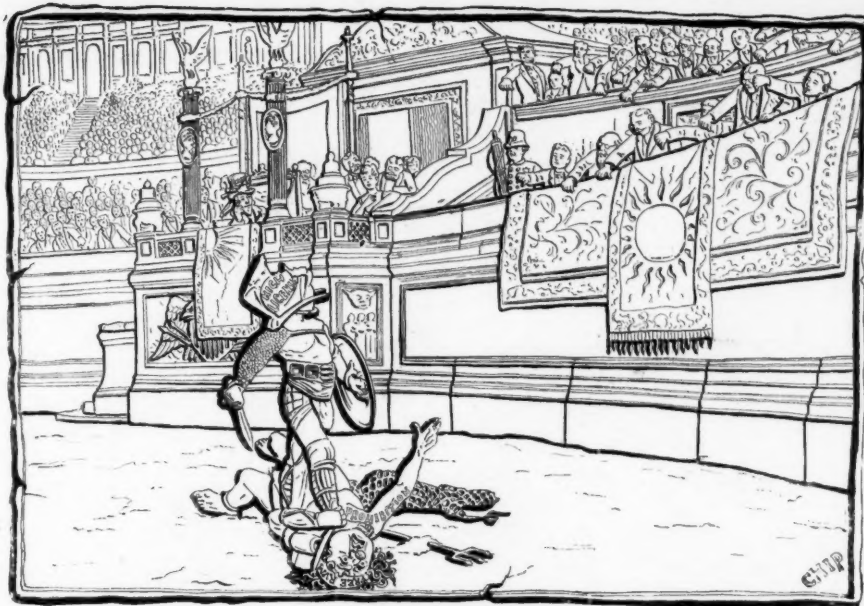
"CERTINGLY I DO. I DON'T THINK THERE AIN'T NOTHINK WHAT AN EFELANT CAN'T DO!"

SCRAPS.

"I TELL you, it's all nonsense," said the editor, after selling six sacks of declined manuscripts to the junk dealer, and sorting over eleven dollars' worth of unused postage stamps—"it's all nonsense to contend that there are no profits in literature."

SOME prying brute of a newspaper man broke into the privacy of James Russell Lowell's society, a few days ago, and absconded with the news that the ex-Minister will summer abroad.

WHEN street-cars are run by electricity probably lightning-rods will be introduced, for they invariably prove good conductors.



POLICE VERSO.

WHERE THE PUBLIC AND GOVERNOR HILL DIFFER.



EMPYREAN DEPTHS,

Ye 14th daye of Aprille,

(Newe Style), 1887.

MY DEARE FRENDE DALYE:

Inne company with my goode frende Baconne—who you maye rememberre as ye author of my playes—I occupied on yester e'en a front seat atte the One Hundredth performance of "Ye Taming of ye Shrew" in youre most charmyng playhouse. I wolde we had so coole a place to sitte in for alle tyme.

Egad, I never knew I wrote so well, and Baconne, e'en that sour, crusty philosopher, did clappe his crumblyng fingeres till ye duste did fly from out them whenne ye curtaine fell upon act ye first.

Inne act ye seconde ye scenes did so affect me that in ye spirit I didde yelle for joy, and Baconne, too, did rolle his eyes as if ye Deville didde possesse him, and cryinge all ye time "Ye gods, whatte chayres!"

The temper of ye Rehanne, deare frende, did make me gladde, and when ye Dreher walked uponne ye stage, Baconne did ask that I shulde pinche hym, lest it be a dream.

I alwayes thought that Curtis was a man, but now that Madame Gilbert takes his lines, I'm gladde his sex is changed.

And Drewe! Ah, me! why had we not this buoyant, gladsome youth in olden tyme, with Skinner for ye Florentine, and roaryng Lewis, that our sides shulde ache for laughing!

Ah, Sir Dallye! would that we two had walked together in ye dayes of good Queen Bess. How we had made thyngs humme! Ye starres! what wealth, what honours had been ours had not the centuries come between us, and what greater immortality had been mine when shared with you!

I give you joy, deare frende—ay, benefactor; and in ye language of ye market place, I pray you "Keepe it uppe!"

Thine ever, with affecsyon and gratitude,

WM. SHAKESPEARE.

P.S.—Baconne, who never yet did care for ye "Taming of ye Shrew," nowe claimes its authorshippe.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

TO THE ARTIST WHO ILLUSTRATED A POEM.

I KNOW what they will say to you:

They'll say that you have caught

With wonderful fidelity

The spirit of my thought.

Though mortifying, 'tis your due

That I confess just here,

You drew the picture first, and then

I caught at the idea.

A. W. R.



SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR.

"SAY, JACK, HADN'T WE BETTER GIVE UP OUR SEATS TO THE LADIES."

"NOT MUCH, OLD CHAPPIE; I'VE HAD TO GIVE UP MY SEAT AT THE THEATRE SINCE THEY TOOK TO WEARING HIGH HATS, AND I'M GOING TO HANG ON TO MY SEAT IN THE CARS TILL THE FASHION CHANGES."

VERY RIEWED.

A PARTY who testily viewed,
The behavior inane of a diowed,
With a dynamite bomb
Knocked him out *sur-le-champ*,
In innocuous desuetiewed.

C.

LAYING LOW.

SHE: Have you ever read "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," Mr. Breezy?

HE (*a Chicago young man*): No, I think not. What lay was he on?

THE NEW BABY.

GENTLEMAN: I hear you've got a new baby up at your house, Uncle Rastus.

UNCLE RASTUS: Yes, sah; bo'n las' week.

GENTLEMAN: Going to call it Rastus, I suppose?

UNCLE RASTUS (*with a grin*): No, sah; 'tain't dat kin' ob er babby. I specs we is gwine ter call it Martha Washington Cleopatra, sah, arter de ole 'ooman.

A PHILADELPHIA firm is said to have the contract of furnishing sleepers to the Pennsylvania Railroad.

THE rule oftenest broken in school — Ferule.



THE VEIL TRICK—IN THREE ACTS.



GALLIC GALL.

"WELL, that's just like the cheek of these foreign artists," observed Mrs. Snaggs. "What is?" asked her husband. "Why, that man Munkacsy is coming back here next Summer to paint Niagara Falls, and I believe he'll just spoil them, so I do."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph*.

COULDN'T SCARE HIM.

"SAY! say!" called a Montcalm-street woman to a tramp who had just left her door with a piece of bread in his hand—"don't eat that! The girl says it is a piece we had lying around with 'rough on rats' on it?"

"It's too late, madam," he replied, as he swallowed the last morsel. "I've had people try to play that trick on me before to get their goods back, but it always fails. I prefer the stuff to butter, but don't say so, because I hate to put people to trouble."—*Detroit Free Press*.

FELL BELOW THE AVERAGE.

"EXCUSE me, sir," said a young man, nudging a fellow-passenger in a Madison street car; "you have a speck of soot on the end of your nose."

"That's been there for eighteen years," replied the passenger. "It's a peculiar kind of a mole, and you are the ninth man to ask me to sponge that nose since breakfast this morning. As a rule, the average is about twelve a day."—*Chicago Herald*.

TOURIST (to Highland sentry on a cold, frosty morning): Sentry, are you cold with the kilt?

SENTRY: Na, but I'm near kilt wi' the cauld.—*Ex*.

FATHER: Tommy, you should try and be a better boy. You are our only child and we expect you to be good.

TOMMY: It ain't my fault that I am your only child. It is tough on me to be good for a lot of brothers and sisters I haven't got.—*Texas Siftings*.

THE GALLERY HE VISITED.

NEW YORK LADY (to Mr. Breezy, from Chicago): Would you care to visit any of the galleries while in the city, Mr. Breezy.

MR. BREEZY: Why, yes; there is nothing I should like better. What are the prices—three shots for ten cents?—*Puck*.

A BOOK entitled "Traits and Stories of Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese," has recently been issued by an English publisher. Where is that much-vaunted American enterprise? Shall we not soon have a volume on "The Lusciousness of Ye Fragrant Limburger," or "The Beatific Flavor of Ye Festive Bock"?—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

AN ADMISSION.

"FANNIE," said a Sixteenth street mother to her pretty daughter, "didn't I hear Frank kiss you last night when he went away?"

"No, ma'am, you did not," replied the daughter, indignantly.

"No?" said the mother suspiciously.

"No, you didn't; because Frank shut the parlor door before—"

Then the girl stopped and blushed and blushed again, and made a rush for her own room.—*Washington Critic*.

YE little spalpeen! I'll tache ye now niver to come home agin half-drowned to yer poor ould mudther till yez knows how ter swim!—*Wasp*.



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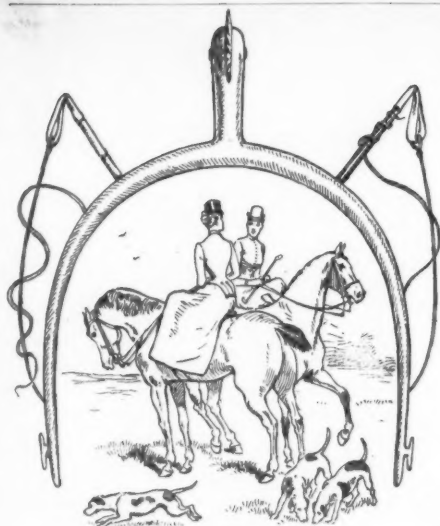
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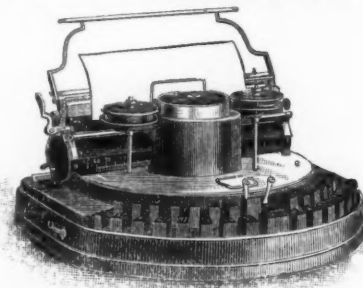
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At the age of three months a rash made its appearance on my face. A physician was called, he said teething was the cause, he prescribed some cooling medicine, but the sores spread to my ears and head. Another M.D. was called. He professed to know all about the case, called it "King's Evil," and prescribed gunpowder, brimstone, and lard mixed into a salve, but the disease continued. They could not do anything with it. Another prescribed borax, water and flour; another linseed poultices. None of them did me any good at all, but made me worse. The disease continued unabated; it spread to my arms and legs, till I was laid up entirely, and from continual sitting on the floor on a pillow my limbs contracted so that I lost all control of them, and was utterly helpless. My mother would have to lift me out and into bed. I could get around the house on my hands and feet, but I could not get my clothes on at all, and had to wear a sort of dressing gown. My hair had all matted down or fallen off, and my head, face and ears were one scab, and I had to have a towel on my head all the time in the summer to keep the flies off. My parents consulted a prominent physician and surgeon here in Chicago (the other physicians before mentioned were of Dundas and Hamilton, Canada), he said he could do nothing for me, that the chances were that I would grow out of it, or that it would strike inwardly and kill me in time. He wanted to cut the sinews of my legs so that I could walk, but I would not let him, for if I did get better I would have no control of them.

The disease continued in this manner until I was seventeen years old, and one day in January, 1879, in the *Chicago Tribune*, I read an account of your medicines. They described my case so exactly that I thought, as a last resort, to give them a trial.

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nearly well. Then I commenced the use of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and in three days I was worse than ever. I was one mass of pimples from the top of my head to the soles of my feet; to say they were painful would not do justice to the case. In from two to four days they burst and left a small scale, which dropped off, and left the spot pure and the skin white, and, as near as I can judge, I was cured in about six to eight weeks, and up to this date (*i.e.*, from January, 1879, to January, 1887) I have not been sick in any way, or have had the least signs of the disease reappearing on me. I have an excellent appetite, have the very best of health. My limbs are straight, supple and strong. I have been exposed to all sorts of weather without the least signs of the disease yet. The only difference I find in myself is that my skin is finer, softer, and not so liable to get chapped as is other persons.

No doubt many persons will not believe this almost improbable story, many will think it grossly exaggerated. I don't blame them a bit if they do, but to satisfy themselves, they can call or write to me, and find out if what I have written above is true or not. There are many persons who can testify to the wonderful cure I have received by your CUTICURA REMEDIES.

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